

i like you like boyfriends

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i like you like boyfriends

by [heyobsessions](#)

Summary

“shut up, george!” dream laughed. “we’re gonna be boyfriends and there is nothing you can do about it.”

“nothing i can do?” george said with a quirk of his brow, “i guess i can live with that.”

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dream and george go from friends, to something more, to boyfriends. sapnap is also there.

Notes

covid does not exist in this. NO pandemics in my gay fanfiction

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

before meeting dream in person, knowing what he looked like, george could easily forget that he was talking to a real life actual boy, that he was best friends with a six foot three guy who had 8 million youtube subscribers and was one of the best minecraft players in existence. dream was just a goofy laugh in his ear, a constant comforting hum of noise.

sure, they had great chemistry, and sometimes the jokes toed the line, but george didn’t have to

think about it too hard, because dream was across an ocean, far away.

he preferred not to think about it. even thinking about coming out, late at night before he went to sleep, made him feel shaky and ill in his bed. it would be even worse with a crush—on the worst person possible.

but once dream was standing in front of him, tall tall tall, a giant smile and big eyes, so close, so present, george could no longer ignore it. hearing that laugh with an image to go along with it was too much.

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after dream went home, george took an hour long shower in vicious denial and then called sapnap.

“hey, georgey,” sapnap answered the phone call on the second ring, that annoying teasing lilt in his voice, “how was dream?”

he pulled out the ‘e’ sound in dream, already trying to push george’s buttons.

george sighed, loudly and dramatically. sapnap barked out a laugh, but when george still didn’t say anything, his voice got quieter. he turned from the obnoxious kid who played it up for videos to george’s other best friend, who was sweet and earnest and always worried about them.

“what’s wrong, man? did something happen?” he said, and george could picture him, under that upside down texas flag, settling into his chair to listen.

“sap...” george started, hesitating for a few long seconds. “i think... i think i like... *like* him.”

sapnap didn’t say anything for a moment, maybe waiting for george to yell out a ‘gotcha,’ but when one didn’t come, he still stayed quiet. he didn’t need to double check if george was serious, or ask if he was talking about dream, or what he meant by “like.”

“huh,” he said, and george’s heart was going a mile a minute. “alright. that kinda... sucks, dude. not like... because of... but yeah... that sucks.”

george, despite his inner turmoil, had to smile at that. “yeah, it really, *really* sucks.”

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telling sapnap made it a little easier, honestly, but things with dream were still weird.

things were different between them. maybe george was just over analyzing everything after his newly discovered crush (ha. that’s putting it lightly), but the energy seemed charged, almost. it seemed like the line between fan service and too-far had blurred, or like maybe the definitions had changed. jokes didn’t feel as much like gimmicks for the video now. dream was earnest about his affection towards george, and george found it harder and harder to act his part, to be annoyed and disgusted. he let himself smile, genuinely, and play along, just a little bit.

dream talking about his sexuality alone kept george awake for an entire night, twisting and turning and trying to decipher that mess. the easy, often compliments during streams drove him insane. the protectiveness, the eagerness to make george happy, that was mind boggling.

the worst, however, was when they weren’t recording. almost every time they stopped filming or streaming, dream was calling him to video chat, of all things.

george got used to seeing dream's face, which was just the weirdest thing ever. seeing dream's (clay's) fuzzy features through the webcam, in the soft light of his bedroom, in a big hoodie or t shirt. his blond hair, curling around his ears in messy waves. his smile, always so big on his face. he was so expressive and restless, using his hands to talk, reacting dramatically with his face. even when sap was there, george couldn't keep his eyes off of dream.

it took a call from sarnap for george to realize what exactly was happening, what the blurring lines between him and dream were leading to. sarnap called him right after a recording session, immediately saying "y'know that was flirting, right?"

george went on the offense right away—"flirting?! i was not *flirting* with him."

sarnap laughed loudly. "not you! well, yeah, you, but *him*, george. dream was so flirting with you."

george felt his heart stop in his throat. he coughed, and he could feel his face blushing. "uhhhhhh, sarnap, no. he was not. that was just, um, for the video."

"maybe i would buy that, dude, if it didn't happen literally every second. the second you join the teamspeak dream is all 'geoooooorge you're so cute george! did you eat yet? can i buy you food? are you having a good day? can we watch a movie after this? just the two of us? george you're actually sooooo handsome—"

george cut him off with a indignant yelp, cheeks definitely on fire now. "please, stop stop, i actually can't, please."

sarnap laughed loudly, clearly proud of himself for his dream impression, before saying, "so what're you gonna do? you're gonna visit him, right? it's your turn, man, you need to come here, sweep him off his feet!"

george turned him down insistently before hanging up, but then the idea wouldn't leave his head.

one night, well, morning for him, night for dream, the two of them were on the phone. george was laying in bed, and he assumed dream was too.

"dream?" he said, after a short pause in conversation.

"yeah?" dream replied, "you need something?"

george bit his lip at that, shaking his head while answering, "no, no. well, i was wondering, um," he swallowed thickly, nervously laughing, "what if i came to america?"

"really?" dream said loudly, "to see me?"

"no," george replied, sarcasm thick on his tongue, "to see the sights. yes, to see you, idiot."

the last word came out painfully fond, to george's cringing ears, but george could hear rustling on dream's end, before dream said quickly, "quick, get on facetime."

the call ended with a beep, and george stared at his phone blankly for a few moments before clicking the facetime button in his and dream's messages, hands shaking slightly.

when dream flickered into view, he was, like george suspected, in bed. he, like george, was halfway sitting up, slumped against his pillows. the camera was closer to his face than george was used to, letting him see his freckles in the blue light of his phone.

“george,” dream said right away, “please visit me. please visit me, seriously, i’ll pay for your ticket and everything.”

“dream, dream, slow down,” george said shakily, nervously laughing again, “i’ll come, chill out.”

dream didn’t even jump on the easy innuendo, which meant he really was serious. staring at him, those big eyes, dream said “i miss you.”

george looked away on instinct, staring blankly across his room, seeing nothing, his mind racing. “uh, hahaha,” he said intelligently.

“george, c’mon,” dream said, sounding almost frustrated. “of course i miss you. don’t you miss me?”

george looked back at him, eyes trailing over his features before saying quietly, “yeah, i do miss you.”

dream smiled wide, making george’s heart skip a beat, before saying, “then it’s settled! how soon can you get here?”

george swallowed, and was about to answer before his stomach dropped. no, he couldn’t do this. he couldn’t see dream in person, again, and live through it. not with this terrible, terrible crush hanging over his head, with the unspoken flirting between them.

“dream, first,” he started, speaking slowly, picking his words carefully. “i need to tell you something.”

dream was quiet, and george couldn’t look at him. he looked at his lap, fiddling with his hoodie string anxiously. he waited for dream to say something, to say anything, to take control over the conversation like he always did, to give george direction some way or another, but the younger boy said nothing.

“i,” he started, the words coming out like pulling teeth. “really like you, dream. like...”

he couldn’t bear to continue, leaving it at that. he finally looked up at dream, and was shocked to see an equally stunned expression looking back at him.

“you like me?” dream said finally, “you actually like me?”

the words felt like a hot knife in george’s gut, and he opened to his mouth to say anything, to take it back, to make a joke, but dream cut him off.

“wait, i like you too. wait, like boyfriends? i like you like boyfriends.”

he looked cute when he was nervous. dream’s cheeks were pink too, george realized, and his eyes were shining so bright even in the shitty quality. like a stone in his stomach, george remembered *he’s real*.

he wasn’t going to survive this encounter. he nodded, smiling against his will. he was laughing now, giddy in a way he didn’t know he could be. “yeah, dream, like boyfriends.”

“so you’re my boyfriend? you’re my boyfriend, right, george? please be my boyfriend,” dream said, his smile splitting his face.

george was in a fever dream. “i guess i’ll be your boyfriend... ugh, gross,” he said teasing, looking

down at his lap again. he knew he was blushing, knew that he was being super obvious about how happy he was. but dream was too, he reminded himself, so it must be okay.

“shut up, george!” dream laughed, “you’re so happy to be my boyfriend, don’t even lie. and you’re gonna visit me, come all the way to america just to see me, and we’re gonna be boyfriends and there is nothing you can do about it.”

“nothing i can do?” george said with a quirk of his brow, “i guess i can live with that.”

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sapnap celebrated like when george had hit one million when they told him. dream and him let him wear himself out, shouting himself hoarse, before finally coming down enough to say, “george, do not think you’re coming to america and not seeing me, what the hell. i’m coming, i don’t care if you guys are boyfriends now. fucking sucks, man, scoot over, i’m sharing your bed.”

dream laughed wildly, chorusing a “woah, woah, woah,” and george just rolled his eyes, letting the two of them banter, smiling fondly.

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george was able to get tickets (paid for himself, as a matter of fact) for the next month, and the few weeks leading up to it were like nothing he had ever experienced.

things didn’t change that much on camera, george thought. maybe dream had a bit of a different tone when he flirted with george on camera, kind of like an ‘i have a secret’ giddy energy.

sapnap played up the third-wheel bit, which fans had already joked about before, but now george and dream went along with it. george couldn’t stop himself from being so obviously fond. he tried, really, but he couldn’t help but smile hugely whenever dream did anything cute. they took care of each other, subtly, checking in throughout streams and videos, and people picked up on it.

it was easy to ignore the twitter replies and stream donations after so much practice, and george almost liked that people knew that he and dream had something special. every time he got a comment like that, george couldn’t help but swell up with pride, thinking *yeah, he’s mine*.

the video calls got even more frequent, switching between their phones and computers, depending on where they were. their days started and ended together every day. george felt so free, so open and able to be open for the first time.

one of those calls, bedtime for both of them that night (7am for george, 2am for dream), they were laying mostly in silence, unwilling to hang up and sleep. dream was shrouded in darkness, his phone laying next to him on the bed, looking up at the ceiling. george’s curtains were drawn, but the pale morning light still lit him up as he looked at dream’s black screen.

his eyes were closing reluctantly when dream spoke for the first time in a couple minutes, “hey george, what did you think of me when we met in person?”

“what do you mean, what did i think of you?” george asked, fearing where this was going.

“like, what i look like. what did you think?” dream said, and george got the impression he was really curious.

“ummm, hahahahah,” george laughed, stalling. “you first.”

“me first? you suck,” dream replied, “i thought you were short. and cute, obviously.”

“obviously,” george mocked, ignoring the first bit.

“yeah, obviously,” dream countered. “you do know i knew what you looked like the whole time, right? and was *suffering*, staring at your facecams like a psychopath, literally.”

george’s stomach rolled, and he swallowed loudly. he flashed back vividly to looking up at dream, seeing the height difference for the first time. feeling dream’s thigh pressed up against his own in the restaurant, dream’s hand on his lower back, his shoulder, constantly. dream’s tan florida skin, the freckles dotted on his arms and face. his smile, twisting george’s heart and ruining him.

finally, he said, “i didn’t know what to expect at all. but you were really tall...” he paused. “uh, i liked your smile.”

he said the last part quietly, and he could feel dream’s shitty grin. “what was that?” his boyfriend teased, “i couldn’t hear you.”

“i like your smile, you giant rat,” george whined, “you’re hot.”

he said the last part vindictively, turning and pressing his face into his pillow with a laugh, anticipating dream’s response.

the loud groan made george wince in his earphones, and laugh happily.

“i hate you, george. why do you do that?” dream whined back.

“do what? i don’t know what you’re talking about,” george teased, wiggling a little bit in his bed in his half-criinge half-joy.

“say things like that when you’re all the way across an ocean,” dream said, “i need to kiss you.”

george would never for the life of him understand how dream could just say things like that. it was his turn to groan in frustration, dream’s loud laugh music to his ears.

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george’s flight left at 3pm. he tried to sleep on the plane, really, to avoid ramping himself up too much, to make the time go faster, but he ended up just trying and failing to sleep several times, split up by half-watching the office episodes to try and distract himself.

needless to say, he was a nervous wreck when he landed in florida. the second he got off the plane, he called dream, starting the walk towards baggage claim.

“hi,” george said as soon as he heard the click, his voice slightly scratchy from underuse.

“where are you?” dream said at once, and george could picture him clearly, pacing around and craning his neck to try and spot him.

“i’m almost there, chill out,” george said with a fond grin.

“stay on the call, okay? until i—“

dream cut himself off suddenly and george’s heart jumped. he scanned the crowded area around the baggage claim, blood pumping, and then he saw him.

dream's hair looked longer in person; george ached to touch it. he was taller than anyone else around him, and standing out in a bright blue hoodie. he was smiling so big his eyes were nearly closed.

george stuffed his phone in his own hoodie pocket, shakily ending the call, before speed walking towards dream.

dream took off too, nearly at a jog, and they collided bluntly. george wrapped his arms around dream's waist, curling into his chest, inhaling the smell of him. dream wrapped his (big) arms around george's shoulders, pressing his face into his hair.

they were still for what felt like a long time, george deaf to anything outside of dream's beating heart against his ear.

george pulled away first, and dream reluctantly followed. they stared at each other for a few moments, the air heavy with tension, before dream stepped back, holding george's hand in one of his own. his hand was soft, and george gave it a squeeze.

"hi."

"hi."

"how was your flight?" dream asked. "was it okay, even without the *first class* ticket i tried to get you?"

george laughed, and he realized his face already hurt from smiling. "you know you sound like my sugar daddy, right? people think you're my sugar daddy."

dream smirked, and even had the audacity to lick his lips. "daddy, huh?"

"i hate you," george snorted, nudging dream with his shoulder. "go find my bag."

"okay, *baby*," dream singsonged, earning him a shove towards the conveyor belt.

george took the short reprieve to check his phone. a text from his mom, a few from sapnap. he texted them both to let him know he landed, and then dream came back, lugging george's two giant suitcases.

"you are so high maintenance," dream groaned, dropping them both at george's feet.

"thank you, baby," george said absentmindedly, biting his lip to hide his grin, hearing dream's panicked splutter.

"here, smile," he said, holding up his phone towards dream. dream blinked a couple times, clearly still reeling from the pet name, before sticking his hands in the pockets of his athletic shorts and smiling.

george's throat went dry. he was so handsome. "i'm gonna post it," he said instead.

"okay," dream said surprisingly easily, coming around next to george to look at the picture. "you should put my youtube logo over my face." he draped an arm around george's shoulders as he spoke, and george was already surprised by how tactile he was being.

(later, the twitter caption would say 'i'm here ♥,' a phrase that would quickly trend on twitter worldwide, along with the phrase 'A HEART')

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the drive back to dream's place wasn't too long, but george was half-asleep by the time they got there. it wasn't late in america, but getting there in london, and george was groggy from the flight and little sleep the night before.

dream carried his stuff up to the front door, george trailing behind, and he got pulled into another hug when he entered. dream rocked them lightly, and george let himself sink into the embrace.

"get some sleep, k?" dream said quietly. "i'll show you to my room."

he took a chance to glance around dream's house—fancy. rich. george licked his lips.

it was bizarre being in the room he'd seen so many times over video. george fell asleep almost instantly, just barely catching dream tucking him in sweetly and petting his hair.

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when he woke up the room was completely dark and dream was nowhere in sight. he looked to the nightstand, where dream had evidently put his bag of toiletries for him. he went to the attached bathroom to shower, feeling justifiably gross after the flight. he brushed his teeth before wandering out into the living room.

dream was on the giant couch, scrolling twitter on his mac. george settled in next to him, leaning his head on his shoulder, and dream didn't pause before wrapping his arm around him again.

"hey, sleep well? you were out for a long time, it's almost midnight," dream said, now running his fingers through the back of george's hair, which was still damp from the shower.

"mmmmmm," george whined, turning his face into dream, refusing to answer.

"your tweet has over 200,000 likes, y'know?" dream said, going to his retweets to show off said tweet. the top reply was from sarnap, reading 'CUUUUUUUUUUTE.' dream had liked it.

george snorted, now draping his arm across dream's torso. dream looked down, then looked at george, wearing an expression george had only seen before when dream knew he was about to get a new speedrunning record.

"that's my hoodie," he said flatly, still scritchng his fingers through the short hairs on the back of george's head.

george plucked at the black hoodie he'd stolen off of dream's desk chair after his shower. he was nearly swimming in it.

"so?" he said lowly, staring at dream. dream's eyes were green, so george couldn't really see the color, but he still thought they were the prettiest george-version of green he'd ever seen.

"you're *here*," dream said instead, right arm coming up from his laptop to hold george's face gently at the jaw.

"yeah, i'm here," george said softly, already leaning up.

their lips met, and george's blood sang. dream guided him, tilting his head the way he wanted it. it made george's entire body run hot, and he twisted his hands into dream's hoodie.

dream pulled back, shutting his laptop and moving it to the side. "are you hungry?" he said

dumbly, lips already red from the kiss.

“yes, i’m hungry, you idiot,” george said, sitting up taller to capture dream’s lips again.

this kiss was more intense, wetter, and george never wanted to stop. he got himself up on his knees somehow without breaking the kiss, hovering above dream for a few frozen moments before settling in his lap, not letting himself think about it too much, running off of pure instinct and muscle memory.

dream’s hands found his hips, holding him firm as he kissed the life out of him. how dream knew how to kiss so well, where he got all that experience, george didn’t want to know. he struggled at first, trying to keep up with dream, but he felt so wholly unprepared, so overwhelmed, that he then let himself fall into the kiss, letting dream explore his mouth, trace his sides, move down to trail kisses along his jaw.

he had half expected dream to need guidance in this part of their relationship, maybe george showing him how to be with a guy like this, but it was quickly clear that dream didn’t need any help with that.

he was older, yes, but it felt right, like when they filmed together, played minecraft together, to just follow dream’s lead. george kept his mouth open, and it took him too long to realize that soft pants, tingling on moans, were leaving him at each exhale.

it was so good to just *feel* dream, his broad shoulders and soft hair under his hands, dream’s bigger hands squeezing and rubbing at his waist, hips, thighs.

“george,” dream finally sighed out, moving back to look at him. dream was flushed, his pupils swollen, eyes wet-bright. george didn’t want to know what he looked like —definitely worse off. he could feel the tender marks all along his neck.

“do you want to stop?” dream asked him, smoothing his hands up and down over george’s thighs, steady swipes that brought him back down to earth.

“no, no,” george said, his voice slightly hoarse. he dipped to plant a kiss to the soft skin of dream’s throat. “do you?”

“no, definitely not,” dream laughed out. “look at you.”

george looked down, and his stomach jolted when he realized he could see the soft shape of dream through his shorts, a matching bulge of his own clearly visible. he hadn’t even realized he was hard, but now that he knew, it was all he could think about. his hips jerked unconsciously, the pulsing heat in his crotch making his head go fuzzy.

he leaned down again, giving a wet kiss to the shell of dream’s ear. “take me to bed, dream,” he whispered, rolling his hips.

“shit, fuck, shut the fuck up,” dream stammered, nearly shoving george off his lap in his eagerness to get up. he grabbed george’s wrist, pulling him along to the bedroom, george laughing the whole way.

they fell into dream’s bed, george laying against the pillows, dream hovering over him.

dream’s hair was thoroughly messed up, thanks to george’s handiwork, and he looked so rumpled and sweet smiling down at him. george fingered the fabric of dream’s hoodie, saying “off?” in a quiet voice.

“you too,” dream countered, but sat back on his knees to pull his hoodie off. there was so much skin. george gulped, sitting up clumsily to try and get his off too. dream ended up helping him, and then they were staring at each other, both a little shell shocked.

“c’mere,” dream said eventually, laying down between george’s thighs, their bare chests pressed warm together, kissing george again.

george let his hands roam dream’s back, the feeling of so much smooth skin overwhelming. he wondered faintly how many freckles there were back there, and promised himself he would check later.

dream moved back to his favorite place on george’s jaw, as george stared up at the ceiling. it felt really far away. suddenly dream was snickering in his ear, his breath hot in george’s ear, his whole body shaking on top of him.

it was a nice sensation, to be honest, but george was still confused by it. “what the hell are you laughing about?” he grumbled.

dream propped himself up with his elbows on either side of george, smiling in a way that george just knew he was about to say something terrible. “i just realized sap definitely knows we’re boning right now,” he said, making too much eye contact.

george scoffed, pinching dream’s side roughly, making him yelp. “you’re the worst.”

dream just laughed again, hiding in george’s neck again.

“is that what we’re doing?” george said softly. “boning?”

he smoothed his hands comfortingly over the spot he’d pinched, leaving a chaste kiss to his shoulder.

dream’s hips jerked in response, making george’s mouth water embarrassingly. dream started worming his hand between their stomachs, which tickled a bit, but then his hand squeezed george’s dick through his pants. a mortifying sound escaped george’s mouth, and he squirmed, trying to both escape dream’s hand and move closer to it at the same time.

“*dream!*” he scolded, now decidedly pushing up towards dream’s steady, rubbing hand. “warn a guy, maybe?!”

“sorry, baby,” dream said in a terribly sweet voice, kissing his neck one last time before shifting off of george, now laying on his side looking at him, hand still working his cock through his sweatpants.

george’s hands flew to cover his face, and he whined loudly behind them. his hips shook, trying not to hump dream’s hand like an animal. dream’s awful, awful, big hand pulled out his cock, and george didn’t have to look to know he was harder than he’d ever been. he was torn between molten embarrassment and just wanting dream’s hands on him, forever.

“stop hiding,” dream whined, half laughing at him like the asshole that he was. his hand pumped faster, twisting on the upstroke. he pressed a fingernail into george’s slit, drawing a loud moan from him.

george lowered his hands but kept his eyes screwed shut, one hand grasping the bedsheets, the other dream’s free hand, grabbing at him so frantically it probably hurt.

“george,” dream admonished again, a smile still in his voice. he leaned to kiss his cheek sweetly, saying close to his ear, “look at me, george. you’re so pretty, look at me.”

the praise sent heat right to his dick, and george whimpered.

dream squeezed his dick hard at the base before continuing his steady strokes, and george could already feel himself nearing release. he was seeing stars now behind his tightly closed eyes; his breaths were rapid, uneven. he felt like everything was spinning, only dream’s hand in his keeping him sane.

another moan left him involuntarily at another squeeze, loud, and he opened his eyes, his face just inches from dream’s. it took only a few moments of eye contact for him to break, pleading.

“dream, dream, kiss me,” he begged, hips now rocking up to meet every stroke of dream’s hand. “kiss me, i can’t with you l-looking at me, *please*, dream—“

dream cut him off with a low “*fuck*,” kissing george harshly.

it took less than a minute more of the messy, rushed handjob paired with desperate, sloppy, teen boy level kissing to make george come—a jerk and a whimper against dream’s lips.

he felt blind and deaf, vision whiting out, blood roaring in his ears.

when george came to, dream had his hands down his own shorts, a chorus of muttered curses leaving his lips. george rolled over towards him, aiming for his lips but getting his neck. he bit down off of some base instinct. he shoved his hand down dream’s shorts, knocking away the hand already there to get a feel of his boyfriend’s dick. he pumped it once, twice. immediately, he knew dream had come, a breathy moan leaving his lips and his body relaxing back into the bed. george took his hand back out, wiping it on the sheets.

they lay there like that for what felt like a while, catching their breaths, hips twitching with aftershocks. when george came back to reality, he realized dream was petting his sweaty hair and clammy back, holding him close, almost protectively.

george nuzzled dream’s neck, once, before popping his head up to look at him. he couldn’t help but smirk, staring at dream for a second before they both started laughing at the same time.

george moved to lay his head on dream’s (big, broad) chest, laughter still shaking it slightly. then a thought struck him and he groaned.

“what?” dream asked, already petting him again.

“i didn’t even get to see your dick,” george complained. “that is so unfair.”

dream let out a bark of laughter. “you can next time, i promise.”

“really?” george replied in his best puppy-eyes voice. he hated how easily it came out towards dream.

“yeah, of course.” a pause—“if you can beat me in pvp next stream.”

“*dream!*”

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said stream, which they did the next night, george had his facecam on, the background dream’s

bedroom.

“am i at dream’s house?” he read out a donation, “yeah i am, actually. are you guys jealous? this is dream’s *bedroom*, everyone.”

dream laughed through his headset, and george could hear him from the other end of the house, where he’d moved his setup to the guest room for george. “shut up, george.”

“is that a—“ george cut himself off reading the next donation, but he knew everyone was reading the text on screen: ‘is that a hickey on your neck?’ his hand jumped to his neck automatically, where he’d done the best he could to cover the worst of the hickeys with makeup borrowed from dream’s sister. “uhhh, hahahahaha, no, no. that’s so... stupid.”

dream laughed again, viciously, so hard he snorted, before thankfully steering the conversation away. george moved on as well, not even looking at the next few donations just in case, but he knew his face was bright red for a long time.

when they battled in pvp, george in diamond armor and dream in iron, george lost four times in a row before dream finally brought it up.

“come on, george, you need to win. this is high stakes, remember? some pretty *big* stakes, if i recall. *really* big—“

george cut him off with a desperate battle cry, half laughing, half blushing intensely again. he could only imagine what the fans were making of this.

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after the stream ended, sapnap made fun of them both mercilessly over facetime, laughing hysterically.

george, tucked under dream’s arm, cuddled on the couch, knowing that sapnap would be with them in person the next day, found that he really, really couldn’t mind.

End Notes

count how many times (1) dream pets george and (2) i point out their size difference ;(i couldn’t help it sorry

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